

# THE DAILY REBEL

Persons ordering Tax Bills by mail please bear in mind that we will not receive any of the shippers' bills issued by the Alabama Insurance Companies, nor those issued by private bankers or insurance companies. Neither will we undertake to return ship-bills sent us after the publication of this notice.

Persons residing late Northern newspaper will greatly oblige us by the use of them. The general ability of all banks to have the latest intelligence from the enemy's country and the absolute service which the dissemination of such information calculated to accomplish should call to the attention of those along the front of our line in Middle Tennessee, the value of late Yankee journals. We are willing to pay cash, or honor liberally for such work.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1863.

## THE SITUATION

The latest adviser we got from the front, by way of passengers on last evening's train, are confirmatory of Van Dorn's fight. The details which had reported Shelbyville night before last, state that our troops occupy Franklin. The loss of the enemy is killed and wounded is stated to be between six hundred and a thousand. Twenty-six hundred prisoners are said to be captured; also, thirty-nine wagons loaded with subsistence. Our own loss considered heavy.

We have read with care and attention the letter of Mr. Dayton, to M. Drayton de l'Haye, of November 10th, 1862, and of Mr. Seward to Mr. Dayton, of February 6th, 1863, and also the recent speech of Mr. Vallandigham in the United States Congress, for the purpose of seeing whether there is any prospect of an early termination of this war, and to find out what are the respective views of the different parties of which Wm. H. Seward, and C. L. Vallandigham are the representative men. We can find nothing to give us reason to hope for an early termination of the war upon such terms as the Confederate States can accept. Mr. Vallandigham's plan is one that is totally impracticable. Whilst he is in favor of an armistice, he is strongly opposed to our recognition as an independent Government, and will not hear to separation. He is not even, as we understand him, in favor of the establishment of a Confederacy composed of the North-western and Southern States, but is in favor of restoring the old Union, which is a thing of the past. Mr. Vallandigham and all the northern democrats seem to be laboring under the fatal delusion that the Union can be restored. They admit that it cannot be done by war, and they will find that peace will not bring about such a result. The only way to make peace, is for the Northern Government to recognise us as an independent Government, and treat with us accordingly. Mr. Vallandigham's plan is merely visionary, and can result in no practical fruits. There may, however, as suggested by him, arise a conflict not only in opinion, but of arms, between the Lincoln government and the democratic party of the Northern and Northwestern States. Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet intend as these letters of Dayton and Seward plainly show, to carry out his abolition policy. He has no hope or desire to establish the Union as it was. He knows that is impracticable, and so far as he is concerned, not desirable. His plan is to subjugate and destroy the Southern States, emancipate the slaves, and make the negro the equal of the white man. He does not intend to change this policy. The democrats of the North, and the followers of Crittenden in Kentucky, may fight him with resolutions, but he will not regard these paper bullets of the brain, with any respect, and will act as if they never had been passed. So long as they pay his taxes and fight his battles, that is all he wants. They may pass what resolutions they please, and it will not effect his course. The democrats may not submit to this, they may resist with arms if necessary the Lincoln despotism. If they should do this, and should recognise us as an independent Confederacy, then we might make terms with any State or any Confederate States in the North-west upon fair, liberal and satisfactory terms. What sort of a treaty we should make with them, whether or not we should make a commercial alliance is a matter not proper for discussion until they have asserted their State Sovereignty, and separated from the Lincoln Government. The recognition of our independence is a sine qua non of peace, and other matters, after this is done, are proper for negotiation. Gen. Brogg in his proclamations to the Northwest, uttered sound and correct doctrine, and the ones upon which our Government will, we have no doubt act. We are ready, as stated in that able paper, to make peace with any State of the Northwest, or any number of States, upon terms alike honorable and just to them and ourselves. What the particular terms of treaty should be, ought to be left where the Constitution wisely extracts such things, with

the President and his Constitutional advisers. Treaties are to be made by the President and ratified by the Senate. Until some steps are taken to bring about a peace, we think it entirely premature to be discussing what the terms should be. This is no time for getting up divisions among ourselves, upon speculative opinions, when we seek perfect harmony among our own people. Upon all practical questions we are agreed, and therefore let us not differ upon immaterial and impractical questions. Mr. Seward in his letter evinces the same determined purpose to subjugate us, that he has ever shown. There is no giving way in him. We should not weaken our cause by any hope of an immediate peace. Peace may come soon, but we confess we see no cause to think so at this time. Let us prepare for a long war; husband all our resources, exert all our energies, be prepared to endure privations, and to make sacrifices, and, if fortunately peace should come, we would be the more rejoiced, and if the war should continue we would be prepared for it. The letters of Mr. Dayton and of Mr. Seward and the speech of Mr. Vallandigham should be read by the whole southern people. They show that this is no longer a war for the Union, but a war for abolition and the equality of the white and black races, and such as Mr. Vallandigham denounces Lincoln's policy, so long as he and his friends do not resist forcibly the war, they are virtually aiding Lincoln. There is now no neutrality. The Lincoln policy must prevail, or the Confederate States must be independent.

The following verses have been placed in our hands by the "machine post" of Mr. Fox, who is an intimate friend of the Grapevine. They were composed in friendly imitation of several of the standard poets of the day—Tennyson, Browning and Gerald Massey, in particular—and designed, the author assures us, as an echo to the incomparable son. He meant them to be produced among the poetical, political, military and speculative "on-dians" which are made current through those columns "and otherwise" but the severe and dangerous indisposition of three of the most active "operators" of the "battery" render this last impossible. We spread the entire matter therefore, as the reporters say, on the journals, for the reason that it will be waiting as little as possible himself:

The steady days of winter,  
They a good "up the spot"  
Because they tell  
And utterly play out—  
There's never any spinner  
From the root or end a bout.  
Pump or cistern, tank or well;  
Gutter, gable, mountain crag and "mazy dell"  
Shed never a tear of soft pine!  
That this "bully-boy" can see!  
Singing this two or three verses long  
Hamming, marching, marching, along.  
The quiet days of March,  
They have none;  
March on the hill and on the heather,  
With a bayonet in his hand;  
March—especially the weather—  
And a silent march on Rosscares—  
March all over the southern lands,  
To the beat of the rolling drum,  
This is the song the boys sing,  
This is the song of the may spring—  
This is the song, which was wrote in a mist  
With a great load of dreams and nothing in it,  
Singing this—  
Marching, long,  
Buffy boys, buffy boys, fly score strong!

The Mississippi Crisis, holding out documents to the Northwest while advocating the prosecution of the war—is like our friend Bustamente in the first hand he ever took at the game of "Bird"—when a man "rusted" his money, he said, "I see your city and age you're better and eat you!" It is kind of "weakness" and "call" game either, and shows "weakness" in both.

Cassius M. Clay has gone to Russia. The St. Petersburgs may rest assured of the Yankees haven't sent them a "perfect brick"—they at least sent them the raw material when they sent Clay.

"Pop, then green backs you got aint wait nothin"—they done gone issue new scrip on New."

"What script dat?"  
"De conscript."

Somebody surnames Van Dorn, "the Dag." If he really captured three thousand Yankees at Franklin, the other day—he was a heavy drag-on, the Rosemary family.

A friend advertises in our paper for Mississippi Cotton Money." He is evidently tired of paper money, and wants to hold on to some that won't tear.

Caxx him.—A gentleman who has had much experience in the treatment of this loathsome disease, the itch, sends us the following recipe for its cure:

DEAR FRIEND: For the benefit of our soldiers suffering with camp itch, if you think proper, you may publish the following: Take hollie of Potassio, 60 grains, lard 2 ounces, mix well, and after washing the body well with warm soap and rub the ointment over the person three times a week. In seven or eight days the Acanth, or itch insect, will be dead. In this recipe the horrible effects of the old sulphur emollient are abated. I speak knowingly in this statement.

We publish this recipe with pleasure, as we understand there is great suffering in the army from the effects of this disease. The remedy is a very simple one, and within the reach of all who are near an apothecary shop.—*Editor, Nashville Express.*

## BY GRAPE-VINE AND OTHERWISE,

### ON DITS OF THE DAY.

HARRISON, Wednesday Evening, 2 P.M.  
I'm a dicing man!

Not a "jumping-jack" exactly—but an enthusiastic tipper of the "light fantastic." Moon ago, "Bustamente" and your humble servant had the good fortune to receive an invitation to a *Souïre dansante* at "Le Chateau Knob," among the classic Cumberland Highlands. The Chateau was thronged with the *elite* of the beauty and fashion of the time. Dulce music from the timbrel, the lute, the triangle and the twanging banjo made the atmosphere mellifluous; and tallow-tapers the brilliancy of which was only excelled by the sparkle of numerous glass noves, made the scene a very bright one.

Was ushered into an ante-chamber; was divested of my overall and *chapeau*; was made to drink copiously of the fiery beverage of the season; was dragged thence by the elbow into a room full of moving couples, and was presented to an aerial bird of paradise, robed in tulle and gauze, who bowed to me with enchanting grace.

The first query I shot at her—"Gaged for next set?"

"Yes, sir!" and she immediately renewed a conversation she had been successfully smirking with half a dozen gallants surrounding her all at once.

Here was a poser. There was no chance to get a word in edge-ways, nor to have it answered rationally if I did. My *chaperone* was gone, and I stood like a defeated candidate left out in the wet—feeling for my necktie with one hand, and my pocket handkerchief with the other. Just then the awkwardness of my position was somewhat rudely relieved by a couple from the set, returning backward, from "forward-two," the faster vessel of the coney, bearing hull down against me with a collision so violent that I was pitched headlong into the lap of bird of paradise. She screamed a little servants, and I bounded up like a trout at a shallop. Gallants dispersed, crumpling their handkerchiefs in their mouths—either to keep from laughing, or else they went to take a "drink round."

Again I apostrophised bird of paradise: how my sets gaged for?

She told me "about forty nine"—and I secured her forth—sheered off—and drew up alongside another prize, whom I secured in the next quodille. Then began a lively dance. The gentle musician, an "American of African descent," enlivened the inspiring strains withnumerable vocal improvisations, such as "Prancing, tiddly-widdly riddle, idle-lidle"—and "call yo self," as the scraping of slippers and pumps sufficed merry time to the "delightful measures." Round we went in a perfect whirl of excitement, through and back, in and out, up and down, while the prompter at the top of his lungs kept rolling the white of his eyelids and yelling out "lead—p to the right, with a ri-tum tiddly widdle, ledie, ledie," and "turn yo podier."

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